

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,605

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

Anyway, they struck when 'twas hot.

One thing is certain, Speaker Cannon will die with his boots on.

The worst enemies of the strikers will be their misguided friends.

Vermont is glad that it is not like New Hampshire—just entering the heat of a political campaign.

In odd hours look through your roll of bills and find the counterfeits. War-ranted to make you sweat.

English railroads are having their troubles like their Canadian cousins. There's sympathy for you.

One great war ended at any rate—that of the Bucks Stove & Range company vs. the American Federation of Labor.

Look out, President Taft, that the tip end of the United States realm at Eastport, Me., doesn't break off with you.

August 10 is the important municipal date in Barre just ahead, for from that time your unpaid taxes take a new growth.

Vermont's department of game and fisheries falls into competent hands, since John W. Titcomb has accepted the post.

The staid Boston Transcript remarks that the Grand Trunk must feel like a handbag. And we may add that it certainly feels a powerful grip.

Party lines are weakening, when Chittenden county Democrats endorse five Republican nominees for county offices. Democrats are to be given credit for recognizing good men when they are placed in nomination.

As a non-contending party to the present railroad strike, Barre suffers heavily through the inability to get its granite shipments out over the regular routes. Thus does the general public suffer because of the bickerings of others.

The robbing of New England to build the West is shown by the membership of 900 New Englanders in the New England club at Spokane, Wash.; and, too, that number probably represents only a small percentage of the total emigration of New Englanders in the rising city. If New England could recall all her sons and daughters—well, should we have room enough for them all?

The religious newspaper in Ohio which declared against air navigation because man was not meant to fly, not having been given wings by his Creator, is woefully out of date with the present progress. The contemporary might as well have abolished automobiles, bicycles, railroad trains and steamboats in one fell swoop, just because man had to invent them, instead of having them furnished him at the beginning of things.

One of the most commendable moves made in Barre recently, small as it apparently was, is the demand that meat shipments be covered when they are being carted about the city. One who has seen an express cart loaded to the wheels with fresh meat, and all of it exposed to the dirt of the cart and the germs of the air and the attacks of countless flies, realizes the truth of the foregoing assertion. The statement that the meat is probably washed before it is cooked only adds to the feeling that it is a swinish way of living for human beings to be so careless of handling this food. Therefore, those parties who are responsible for the reform are to be commended in no uncertain manner.

DON'T BE HYSTERICAL.

It is possible that there will be individual cases of lawlessness on the part of railroad strikers, if the present difficulty on the Grand Trunk and the Central Vermont railroads is continued for a long time; but that the strikers' union will not countenance any violence can be taken for a certainty. The spirit of the union was shown at the very outset of the strike, when the men were advised to absent themselves from the streets and railroad yards and to refrain from turbulent scenes. The advice came from the officials of the union and it has been quite generally heeded by the men, according to the information now at hand. Of course, as the contest lengthens, there will be more cause for exercising self-restraint and the men will be more disturbed and impatient with the attitude of the employing railroads. But it is not probable that there will be resorts to violence in the attempt to further the interests of the strike, and consequently the early fear and the preparations to call out the Vermont state militia at Island Pond were somewhat out of place. We should give the men the benefit of whatever doubt there may



There are seven points to be considered in buying a suit.

The first is—Buy from the store that elects you an umpire—considers your satisfaction first, last and all the time. If you are sure in this point, the other six will take care of themselves. Try us on Point No. 1. Suits from \$15 to \$35.

SPECIAL

Every Straw Hat in the store is now marked down

15c to \$5.00

They must GO.

We Clean, Press and Repair Clothing.

PHROGERS & CO.

The big store with little prices.

174 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont

be and consider those decent and law-abiding until they have given us some real cause for believing otherwise. The prompt threat to call out the militia if they didn't behave is calculated to make a bad situation worse and to stir up resentment in the minds of men who ordinarily might conduct themselves peaceably enough. There will be time enough to think about bringing out the state militia when real performance of criminal acts begins. Until then, let us refrain from adding to the acuteness of the situation by threats of forcible suppression. Meanwhile also, let the people maintain their mental balance as much as possible.

Current Comment

A Record That Stands.

Mr. Cannon has now replied to Senator Bristow's charges against Senator Aldrich in several long speeches, but he has not denied that Senator Aldrich is chairman of the Senate finance committee, that the Senate raised the duty on manufactured rubber goods, that Senator Aldrich is interested in the rubber trust and that his son is the executive head of it. The record stands, and not even Mr. Cannon will venture to contradict it in a stump speech.—New York World.

Thinks Strike Will Be Short.

The Grand Trunk machine shop men at St. Albans, throws out of work by the strikers' strike, adopt resolutions denouncing it. There is the chance, however, that if it continues many of them will have the opportunity to exchange a grimy shop job for the more "gentle" job of conductor, or perhaps, to them, the more attractive job of baggage-man or brakeman or fireman. They would not probably be averse to the chance of "getting out on the road" for a while. Train jobs are usually the most attractive of all connected with the railroad work of railroading. This is a reason for believing that a trainmen's strike, conducted without violence, must be short lived even when labor in general is fully employed and scarce.—Springfield Republican.

BARRE TOWN CANDIDATE.

Arthur W. Allen Is Proposed for Representative This Fall.

Editor, Times: When the question is asked, who will represent Barre Town in the legislature this fall, the answer comes from all sections. A. W. Allen, who will be the Republican candidate. Arthur W. Allen is a practical business man and successful farmer. He has served on the school board and is justly of the peace. He has a general knowledge of the affairs of the town, in whose welfare he takes a deep interest. He is an apt and able speaker and would make a valuable member in the coming legislature. If elected he would be a leader in the House and one of whom every citizen of the town, of whatever party affiliation, could well be proud. Barre Town Citizen.

The Spendthrift Will Find

in the habit which life insurance inculcates an invaluable check upon his practice and a remedy against its effects. National Life Insurance Co., Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual).

S. S. Ballard, General Agent, Montpelier, Vt. N. B. Ballard, local agent, Barre, Vt. (Mutual).

Jingles and Jests

To Vera.

Bidding her gang her ain gait.
Of old, my Vera, I would meet you
proudly,
Could scarce repel the pleasurable
tear;
And now I watched you, quitted, often
loudly,
"Vera incesu patuit, the dear!"

For in your walk lay something calm
and splendid,
Something suggesting "presence"—and
a swing.
No words of mine can tell how beauty
blended
With pride and grace and all that
sort of thing.

Where now the feet that moved in meas-
ured ripples?
(Just one more hop; you nearly
reached me then!)

I see you come, a cripple among cripples,
Tied to the wheels of "Fashions—
1910."

Enough, your plight, to move some mod-
est Persians,
With whom distressful beauty disa-
grees.
To grasp his sword (for which there's
many a worse use)
And cut the knot that grips you at
the knees.

Till that bright day forgive me if I'm
sorry:
I cannot feign a gladness I have not;
And for my next appointment, oh! come
early,
Taking a taxi to the very spot!
—London Truth.

Hospitality.

"I say, Jones, dine with me at the
house to-night, will you?"
"Certainly, with pleasure; will your
wife expect me?"
"No; that's the beauty of it. We had
a quarrel this morning and I want to
make her mad."—Peekskill Palladium.

The Man with the Horse.

Bowed by the weight of summer's heat
he stands
And holds his horse and gazes on the
ground.
A tiny stream doth trickle from its
mouth.
Occasionally coming drop by drop.
Who made him dead to rapture and de-
spair,
Stolid and stumped, a brother to the ox?
Who killed the evening joy that once he
knew,
When he did stand and squirt the H₂O
To make his pretty lawn and posies
grow?

Is this the thing taxpayers gave
Their hard-earned dough to help the city
buy?
This thing as dry as any mummy's
throat;
This hose that promised much when
bonds were sold,
But peters out just when it's needed
most?

Is this the dream he dreamed who bought
the hose
And paid his cash down at the hardware
store?
Down all the stretch of Hades there is
not
A spot that's drier than his own front
yard.

O mayors, aldermen and public works,
Is this the handiwork your promised us,
This tiny, fickle and distorted stream?
How well you ever strengthen up its
flow!
Tough it again with immortality:
Give back the raging torrent with which
we
Were wont to chase the cats and dogs
away?
When will we have that often promised
pump
To satisfy the parched taxpayer
chump?

O masters, lords and rulers of our town,
How will the future reckon with us men
And women, too, who are at best but
dust
And who are growing dustier each day?
How will you answer the brute questions
of
The man who stands and vainly holds
the hose?
—Grand Rapids Press.

The Fountain Sealed.

Chief—Told me, sir, why have you so
utterly failed to get a close to this
crime?
Detective—"Tain't my fault. The re-
porters are down on me, an' they won't
tell me nothing!"—Cleveland Leader.

On the Links.

Beginner (wrathfully)—Look here, I'm
tired of your laughing at my game. If
I hear any more impudence from you
I'll crack you over the head.
Caddy—All right; but I'll bet yet
you don't know what's the right club to do
it with.—Pick-Me-Up.

GEER'S HORSES WON

Although Not Privileged to Drive
Them.

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 21.—The
second day of the Grand Rapids harness
race meet was a day of triumph for F.
J. Jones of Memphis, Tenn., the owner
of the Geers stable. He climbed into
the sulky in place of the injured veteran
and drove his own entries and The Abbe
besides. He won the 2:11 trot for \$10,
000 furniture manufacturers' stake with
Dudley Archdale, for which he paid
\$15,000 last week, and also took The
Abbe to first money in the 2:18 class
pace. Geers, disobeying his doctor, drove
to the park and saw from a carriage
the winning of the horses he trained.
He was given an ovation by the crowd
upon his arrival and again when his
carriage was triumphantly drawn upon
the track after the winning of the \$10,
000 stake by Dudley Archdale to the
front in each heat and kept her there,
although Hiss was close after her all
the time.

Because of Geers' injury, The Harves-
ter was drawn from the 2:06 class trot;
Oro won the race handily, taking both
heats in succession, although Wilkes
Heart and Margin were close contenders
in the stretch. Jones had to drive The
Abbe hard in the stretch to take the
three heats of the 2:10 class pacing.
Sara Ann Patch, Andy N. J., and Nellie
G., being contenders. In the final heat
Jones was pocketed at the final turn
but drove The Abbe out around and came
to the wire ahead.

"Bill" Slatery of Rutland was ac-
cused Monday evening while attempting
to break a car seal in the railroad
yards in that city. The car contained
a consignment of cheese.

Ghosts Around

By M. QUAD

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erary Press

Old Peter Baines had lived alone on
the outskirts of Taylorsville for a
dozen years, attracting no attention.
Then some villager saw a ghost. Peter
asked the full particulars and was
thereafter considered a believer in
ghosts.

Peter inherited \$15,000; then his
neighbors began to pay him marked
attention.
Miss Nancy Beebe, an old maid of
nearly forty, had never married be-
cause she was homely and had no
money. Miss Prudence Higgins was
in the same fix. The widow Hender-
son could marry again if she had a
couple of thousand; so could the wid-
ow Drew. Mrs. John White was a
married woman, but while her husband
was a carpenter she had aristocratic
tastes and couldn't carry them out for
the want of money.

These five women not only heard
that old Peter believed in ghosts, but
each one arranged her program to
have a ghost pay him a midnight visit.
He hadn't got his money yet when one
night at the most solemn hour and
while he was sleeping with his win-
dow open a scratching on the casing
awoke him to ask what was wanted.
It was the first night he had ever been
disturbed.

"Peter," said a hollow voice that
started the sweat on him, "Nancy
Beebe is very unhappy."

"Is that so?" he replied.
"Yes, and it rests with you to make
her happy. I am the ghost of her
dead mother. I charge you to give her
the sum of \$2,000 as soon as you get
your money. She will marry, and she
will bless you. Fail not, Peter—fail
not—lest the snailpox comes to you!"

"She shall have it," replied Peter as
he looked out of the window and saw
an object in white gliding away. On
the next night he was wide awake,
but lying on his bed, when a second
ghost paid him a visit. He had fig-
ured that there was more than one
ghost in the world and that there
might be another caller. He heard a
soft rustling, a cold breeze blew in at
the window, and a scary voice an-
nounced:

"Peter Baines, do good with your
money or you will be found dead.
Prudence Higgins is a sad, sad girl.
She may commit suicide if she does
you will be to blame for it. You can
save her life and make her happy by
giving her \$2,000. Do it, Peter, and
live to be a hundred years old."

"Yes, I'll do it. I want to live to be
a hundred. What ghost are you?"
"Her grandmother."

And another white object floated
over the grass and through a gap in
the fence and was swallowed up in
the gloom of night. Some men would
have gone around telling what they
saw, but old Peter kept a still tongue
and prepared himself for other
visits from other ghosts. Where there
were two there must be three, the
same as crows. He reasoned correct-
ly. On the third night a third ghost
appeared. She was being waited for,
and old Peter was not so badly scared
when a voice reached his ear, saying:

"Peter, grim death is all around you!
It flies on wings and stalks on legs. It
looks for a victim. It stands at your
gate and stares at your house."
"But tell it to pass on," replied
Peter. "I want to live to be a hun-
dred years old."

"Then do as I tell you. You know
the widow Drew. Make her happy.
Give her a chance. When you get
your money give her \$1,000. It is lit-
tle to you, but much to her."

"Wouldn't a hundred do?" asked old
Peter as he began to feel stung.
"Shall I be on to death to come and
enter this window?" menaced the
ghost.

"No, no, no! The widdler shall have
her thousand. I didn't know but a
hundred would do, but I see it won't.
Those ghosts are you?"

"That of a gypsy woman who was
murdered. Beware of my anger. Do
not play me false. I go—I go!"

And she "goed." She seemed to get
hung for a moment in the gap, and the
old man thought he heard the ripping
of cloth, but she got clear and disa-
ppeared before he was sure. He didn't
want any more ghosts in his life. He
had seen three and promised \$5,000 out
of his legacy. The pace was too hot.
Next night he shut and nailed down
the window, but it was in vain. The
fourth ghost came and announced that
he must provide for the widow Hen-
derson or prepare to be haunted all
the rest of his life by evil spirits. He
hung off for a few minutes, but the
sighs and groans and scratchings on
the glass were too much for him. The
widow Henderson was to receive \$1,500
in cash.

On the next night old Peter took
some bedding and lay down under the
current bushes, where no fifth ghost
could find him. He kept wide awake
and alert. At midnight he saw ghost
No. 5 appear. She glided for his bed-
room window. She was just about
to appeal to him when four other
ghosts showed up. The five stood and
looked at each other for a moment.
Then human voices were heard calling
names. These human hands and feet
moved, and the five ghosts were claw-
ing and scratching and mixing things
up, and when the scrap was over old
Peter turned out of his nest and found
five badly torn and mused bed sheets
lying on the grass, along with combs,
hairpins and other things. None ever
came back, and he saved his cash.

And Such Is Fame.

Mrs. Bluehose—Your new boarder is
literary. I am told. Mrs. Malaprop—
Yes, indeed. Why, with his books and
papers he litters his room worse than
any boarder I ever had.—Exchange.

Minor Operations.

Surgeon's Son—What is a "minor
operation," pa? Surgeon—One for
which the fee is less than three figures.
—New York Times.

HELPED BY HUMIDITY.

Many Materials and Products Which
Require Moist Air.

There are many materials, operations
and products which require special
atmospheric conditions for advan-
tages or profitable maintenance. Prin-
cipal among such operations is the
manufacture of textiles, perhaps the
largest single industry carried on in
factories. In the favored climate of
the Lancashire district of England the
natural climate affords working con-
ditions equalled in America only on oc-
casional days in certain localities.
Even in England, however, there are
many days in which the atmosphere is
too dry for the best work.

Since textile fibers are increased in
strength and elasticity by high humid-
ity and moderately high temperature,
breakages are less frequent under
proper conditions, and the output is in-
creased. But even before the fiber
reaches the manufacturing plant at-
mospheric humidity plays an important
part. Cotton loses weight as it dries
out, but, more than that, the fibers
become brittle and appear shorter and of lower
grade than when slightly moistened.
Leather, feathers and many other por-
ous substances lose a considerable per-
centage of weight in drying out, so that
the maintenance of average and uni-
form humidity in the storage rooms
has a direct advantage to the owner
in maintaining the value of his goods
as they lie in the warehouse. Cigars
and tobacco lose flavor in dry air and
regain it to some extent, after loss,
by storage in proper humidified rooms.
Wooden furniture and musical instru-
ments are sometimes cracked or the
finish injured by the dry air of steam
heated rooms. All these and other
similar goods are advantageously
worked or stored in rooms in which the
atmospheric humidity is artificially
controlled and kept at the most desir-
able point.—Engineering.

A PIG'S SQUEAL.

It Played a Momentous Part in Ameri-
can History.

The war between this country and
England in 1812 was caused by one
vote, and, stranger still, the small mar-
ginal came from a pig getting its head
stuck in a rail fence. It was a Rhode
Island fence at that, but built much
like a Virginia worm fence.

They were having an election of
members of the legislature in Rhode
Island. One Federalist put off going
to the election and left himself just
time enough to get there before the
polls closed. Just as he got on his
horse and started for town he heard a
pig squeal. He looked around, and
saw that the pig had its head jammed
into that old rail fence, and anybody
who knows anything about hogs
knows that the hogs would have eaten
that pig up if it hadn't been rescued.
The farmer stopped long enough to
liberate the pig, and when he got to
the polls they were closed. He was
too late.

The result was that a Democratic
member of the legislature was elected
from that district by one vote, and he
would not have been elected if that
Federal had got there on time. In
the legislature a Democratic United
States senator was elected by one vote,
and that Democratic legislator who
had been elected by one vote voted for
him.

In the United States senate they
voted for the war of 1812 by one vote,
and that Rhode Island Democratic
senator who had been elected because
that pig was caught in the fence voted
for the war of 1812.—Popular Maga-
zine.

A Mean Trick.

Algernon—What's this I hear about
Miss Giltcoat agreeing to marry
you and then going back on her word?
Percy—That is the staid of it. I'm
sorry to say, Algernon—Beastly
trick, dear boy. Why don't you sue
her for non-support? You've got a
clean case, doncher know.—Chicago
News.

Stingy.

"He is a stingy old curmudgeon,
ain't he?"
"The worst I ever saw. Why, he'd
haggle over the cost of building a
spite fence."—Exchange.

He who flatters you is your enemy.—
Cardan.

If You Want "Something a Little Different" You'll Find It at

THE McCUEN STORE

Montpelier

"The Finest Stock of Ready-to-Wear Garments in Central Vermont."

THE INTEREST IN

The Grand Clean Sweep Sale

Continues to Grow. Some of the Reasons:

7c Muslins all - - - 5c
12 1-2c Muslins all - - - 9c
10c Gingham all - - - 6 1-4c
12 1-2c Gingham all - - - 10c
29c Congo Cloth all - - - 19c
Every Suit, every Coat, every
Separate Skirt marked down.
\$1.00 Petticoats for - - - 79c
\$1.00 Wrappers for - - - 79c

Every piece of Crash in our store
marked way down. Big bargains
in Table Linen.
20 per cent discount on Under-
muslins
20 per cent discount on Buttons
20 per cent discount on Trimmings
20 per cent discount on Veilings

In fact its YOUR time to buy. "Follow Our Ads." "There's a Reason."